

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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Cities of Europe.



LONDON, FROM AN ARCH OF WATERLOO BRIDGE.

EUROPEAN CITIES.—LONDON.

A Living Picture mov'd across the shade :—
A spacious City, first, was there display'd,
The Seat where England, from her ancient reign,
Doth rule the Ocean as her own domain.

SOUTHEY.

ON the annexed page is the commencement of a design which we have long had in contemplation, viz., to present our readers with a *Series of Views of the principal Cities of Europe*; the style and extent of which we shall study as far as compatible with the nature of the MIRROR. As these Engravings will, from time to time, be introduced for their PICTORIAL merit, it is not our intention to append to them any lengthy details of their respective subjects; since these descriptions would necessarily occupy too great a portion of our sheet with particulars which would, for the most part be familiar to the general reader. Our *Views* will resemble *old friends with new faces*; accordingly we begin *nobiscum ipsis*, or LONDON.

* As we are disposed to start clear, it is first our duty to acknowledge the valuable source, whence the annexed view of London is copied viz. from Mr. Britton's *Picturesque Views of the English Cities*, published within the present year. As the interest and importance of this work would entitle it to some notice in the MIRROR, independent of our present acknowledgment to Mr. Britton, we have to acquaint our readers that the "Picturesque Views" consist of thirty-two engravings of English cities, executed in the first style, and altogether presenting a specimen of excellence in the art of engraving, of which the English school has just reason to be proud. The drawings for the whole series are by Robson, and among the engravers we notice Woodnath, Le Keux, Barenager, and Jeavons, the latter a young artist of high promise. The engraver of LONDON is Tomblinson. These views, it should be observed, are strictly picturesque, and to quote the editor's address, "the variegated and ever changeable effects produced by clouds, which alternately and successively indicate the tranquil grey morn—the vivid mid-day—the twinkling or flaming sun-set of evening—the murky and awful storm—the prismatic rainbow—the mystic haze,—constitute the machinery which the artist employs to heighten and adorn the local scene, or the composed landscape. In the series of prints which now claims the patronage of the amateur, most of these effects are represented." The last time we saw Chichester was under the precise effect represented by Mr. B.—viz. with a rainbow, after a heavy shower, though not enough to cool the enthusiasm with which we are accustomed to view such beautiful changes of nature.

As a topographer, and an illustrator of the most delusive branch of literature, the genius of Mr. Britton ranks high; and the interest with which he pursues his studies is, to use a familiar term, entirely after our own hearts. Only let the reader compare the topographical works of the present day with those of the last century, with their wretched prints and literary quaintnesses: and then he will say that Mr. Britton is entitled to more praise than we have awarded him: sincerely do we wish he may long continue to enjoy the fruits of his well-earned success.

There is however still a lack of patronage towards *Topography*: it is a laborious and expen-

The Engraving represents a picturesque View of the great City from an Arch of Waterloo Bridge. Its extent and locality may be included in the following outline.

London and Westminster lie on the north and west side of the Thames; and the borough of Southwark and Lambeth lie on the south and east; both divisions being joined by five superb bridges.

The Thames runs nearly west and east from Charing Cross as far as the Port; and a bend in its course at Lambeth, where the town terminates, carries it nearly north; there is a sixth, or westerly bridge, connecting the northern bank with Vauxhall.

The London, or north side, contains about 140,000 houses, and 850,000 inhabitants.

The Southwark side contains, in adjoining town, 50,000 houses, and 350,000 inhabitants.

Hence the total is 190,000 houses, and 1,200,000 inhabitants; besides 50,000 strangers.

The Thames is 310 yards over at London-bridge; and 400 yards at Waterloo-bridge. The tide flows about fifteen miles by the river-course above London; and, as far as London-bridge, the Port for three or four miles is filled with ships at anchor, or moored to chains, besides collateral docks.

The connected town extends east and west, from Bow to Hammersmith, or about eleven miles; and from north to south the greatest width is from Holloway Chapel to Stockwell, about six miles. The whole may be considered as egg-shaped: the east, or Greenwich and Stratford end, being round and broad, while the west-end terminates in a point, at Kensington. The circumference of the whole is about thirty miles.

On the south side, the town extends from Vauxhall-bridge to Greenwich Church, a distance of six miles.

Many populous villages, equal to many cities and county towns, are not included in these statements, as Hampstead, Highgate, Hackney, Clapham, Wandsworth, Chelsea, &c. &c.

London is equal to any three or four

sive study, attended with great outlay of time and money. Its success will nevertheless be steady and increasing, in proportion to the additional charms with which the real admirer of nature invests his description of her beauties. Art may do much for this success, but it will be materially advanced by bold and vigorous writing, in which the pen may sometimes vie with the pencil in its impression on the mind and heart of the reader. Indeed, highly-wrought topographical prose descriptions make the nearest approach to the muse, inasmuch as the scenes they depict are the poetical beauties of the landscape.

other European capitals united, and equal to the ten largest towns in the United Kingdom, if brought together.

It is distant 393 miles from Edinburgh, 340 miles from Dublin, 118 miles from Bristol, 196 miles from York, and 56 miles from Oxford; in lat. $51^{\circ} 32'$, and St. Paul's is $5'$ west of the first geographical meridian of Greenwich Observatory.

Of the details of the Engraving we have yet to speak. Although every Number of our Miscellany is dated from almost the precise spot whence our View is taken—so fascinated are we with the locality, that we must indulge ourselves, (if not our readers) with a short glance. It is altogether an assemblage of art, too proud to be contemplated without emotion. In the view may be distinctly counted upwards of Twelve Churches, with the magnificent Cathedral of St. Paul for a nucleus, and the elegant steeple of St. Bride, (one of the triumphs of the

same genius) conspicuous in the prospect. Then too, the monastic associations of the Temple and its garden, and the placidity of the river—are, in effect, truly picturesque, or cosmoramic; whilst the splendour of the architectural frame-work through which they appear, contributes not a little to the interesting character of the whole scene.

The fore-part of the view, it should be added, represents a portion of the noblest structure of its kind in the world, viz. Waterloo Bridge; the arch there represented, (as are the other eight) being 120 feet span, and the piers 20 feet thick, (each of which stands on a platform, based on 320 piles,) supporting Tuscan columns in the manner of Blackfriars Bridge. As we mention two bridges, the annexed statement of the measurements of the bridges over the Thames may not be here inappropriate, or unacceptable to our readers.

COMPARATIVE VIEW OF THE BRIDGES OVER THE THAMES.

Bridges.	Date.	Architects.	Dimensions and Number of Arches.	Expense.
Westminster.	1739 to 1747.	Charles Labelye.	1,223 feet long, by 45 wide, 14 arches, the centre 76 feet.	339,500 <i>l</i> .
Blackfriars.	1760 to 1768.	Robert Mylne.	1,100 feet long, by 42 wide, 9 arches, the centre 100 feet.	152,840 <i>l</i> .
Waterloo.	1811 to 1817.	John Rennie.	It has nine elliptical arches of 120 feet span each.	450,000 <i>l</i> .
New London.	1825; in progress 1827.	John Rennie, jun.	The old bridge 926 feet long, repaired in 1757, and then nearly rebuilt.	506,000 <i>l</i> .
			928 feet long, by 56 wide, centre arch 150 feet, second and fourth 148, land arches 130 feet. Five in all.	The present contract.

The iron bridge over the Thames, from the Three Cranes to Southwark, was completed in 1819. It has three arches only, formed with iron ribs upon piers, which were cast at Rotherham, in Yorkshire. The centre spans 240 feet; and each side arch 200 feet. Weight of the iron employed in the whole structure 5,700 tons.

The view of London from the balustrades of Waterloo Bridge is of known celebrity; but it would be difficult to find language to describe its effect on the beholder. He is distracted by the almost immeasurable extent and inestimable wealth of the scene, and he can seldom collect his reflective powers, so as to enjoy the contemplation of its respective beauties. But the view through the arch of the bridge, though of less scope, is of equal attraction. His ideas, as it were,

converge into a focus, and the intensity of interest is proportionally increased. The recollections of Babylon, Thebes, Ninevah, and Rome, the world's "Imperial Mistress," with all the exaggerations of their historians, will not impair the delight of the contemplatist of this scene. London, (or Augusta as she has been apostrophized by Congreve, Pope, and Thomson,) is indeed the sun of England's glory; she contains her heart's blood, which in its pulsations communicates life and vigour to the remotest corners of this happy empire.

LOVE OF NATURE.

Well do I know these mountain wilds;
And every bosom'd vale and valley-stream
Are dear to memory.

SOUTHEY.

(For the Mirror.)

At Mickleham, in the romantic vale of
Norbury, near Dorking, is an inn much

frequented by botanists, for the beauty of the surrounding scenery, and the rare plants to be found in the neighbourhood. The proprietor, who was himself a clever botanist, died about two years since; and it is related, that one of the last acts of this honest vintner's life, was to call his daughter to his pillow, when he said, "Mary, it is a fine morning; go and see if *Scilla verna* is come in flower."—This is a beautiful illustration of the love of nature, and the exhaustless delight to be derived from her studies.

THE AUTHOR OF THE PROMENADE ROUND DORKING.

UNISON.

TO L. H.

(For the Mirror.)

Oh, one there is whose heart with mine,
In bands of love, is closely plighted;
And both in kindred throbblings pine,
And never can be disunited;
The silken cord has bound them fast,
And every storm that beats around them,
And Sorrow's dark and bitter blast
Still draws them closer than it found them!

'Twas not a love of earthly mould
That first awoke the sweet communion,
And earth can never break the hold
Of such a heaven-enkindled union;
For oh! such sacred union
Must stand a solitary token,
That hearts thus firmly joined in one
Cling till life's latest thread is broken!

B. G.

IMMENSE YEW-TREE.—ALD-WORTH CHURCH.

(For the Mirror.)

IN the church-yard of Aldworth, near Newbury, Berks, is a yew-tree, which, according to the best information, is not less than eight hundred years old. The girth of one part of the trunk is above nine yards, and its branches extend over the graves beneath to an immense extent.

On entering the church, we are struck with astonishment at the sight of the gigantic effigies and tombs that occupy a very large proportion of its interior; there are four reclining figures of men in armour, one being in a common habit: five also chiselled out in stone; and on a tomb near the pulpit, in the middle of the church, are figures in brass, of Nicholas Lord de la Beche and his lady, resting their heads on stone pillars, and their feet on lions or dogs. There is also one female, whose drapery is not very dissimilar to that worn by ladies of the present day. The effigies are all of the family of de la Beche, who came from Normandy with

William the First. Tradition says, there was a pedigree of the family, fairly written on parchment, formerly hung at the east end of the south aisle; but that, when Queen Elizabeth visited Aldworth in one of her excursions, the Earl of Leicester took it down to show to her Majesty, and it was never replaced.

The effigies are in a very dilapidated state, and measure upwards of six feet in length.

The arches against the north and south walls, over the tomb of Lord and Lady de la Beche, are much enriched with quartrefoils, roses, crockets, &c. in the prevailing taste of Edward the Third.

F.

THE DREAM-KISS.

(FROM THE ITALIAN.)

(For the Mirror.)

"And gazing in thy face as towards a star,
Laid on thy lap, his eyes to thee upturn,
Feeding on thy sweet cheek! while thy lips are
With lava kisses melting while they burn,
Showered on his eyelids, brow, and mouth, as
from an urn!"

Childe Harold, Canto iv., Stanza 51.

I HAD a glorious dream of thee last night,
Which never can from memory depart,
No!—I will bear it in the world's despite
Treasured up in my soul—in my heart's heart!

It was in sleep,—and I am waking now,—
With but remembrance of that magic bliss,
When our hearts mingled (in one honey flow
Of love)—heart—soul—life—light in one pro-
tracted kiss!

When lips, that never spoke this love of mine—
Never yet dared my worshipping to tell—
Were pressed unchecked upon the heaven of
thine—
And oh! for moments—dared in heaven to
dwell!

Drinking up Nectar!—and oh, angels!—heaven!
Thou didst not coldly chide the oppression
there

Thine equal ardour spoke my crime forgiven—
And whispered hope—not comfortless despair!

These moments of rich rapture could not last—
No! not my triumph—not thy ravished kiss;
My spirit woke from out its dream, and past
Away, like lightning, from its happiness!

And was it all a dream?—the sense still thrills
My bounding heart, and memory still defies
The dreary weight of thousand earthly ills
To suffocate it—with their agonies.

But it was all a dream! the day has brought
A pathless gulf betwixt my heart and thee—
Alas! the bliss I found in sleep, unsought,
Is far—far distant, as yon skies may be!

Those skies smile on, in mockery! my chained
heart
Is like the hearts of demons—on their pain,

How often dreams of long-lost heaven will start;
When shall they rest in long-lost heaven
again!

THOMAS M * * * s.

ORIGINS AND INVENTIONS.

(For the Mirror.)

ALPS.

THESE majestic hills take their name from the snows with which their summits are continually covered; the *Sabine* word *Alpum* signifying the same as the Latin *Album*, anglice *White*.

FRANCE,

So called from the *Francoi* or *Franks*, a people of Germany who seized on those parts of it nearest the Rhine, in the time of *Valentinian* the third, and afterwards subduing Paris, they made it the seat-royal of their growing empire; and thus caused the country thereabouts to be called France.

HIBERNIA,

Most probably from *Iberna*, a Phœnician word, meaning the *farthest habitation*; there being no country known among the ancients west of Ireland.

PORTUGAL

Was anciently called *Lusitania*, from the *Lusitani* who then inhabited it; it took its present name from the haven of *Porto*, at the mouth of the *Duerus*, where the Gaels used to land their merchandise, thence it was called *Portus Gallorum*. This town was given in dower with *Teresa*, daughter of Alphonso the sixth, to Henry de Lorraine, who took the title of Earl of Portugal; his successors coming to be kings, extended the name to all those parts which they conquered from the Moors.

RUSSIA

Took its denomination from the *Rossi* or *Russi*, a people of Mount *Taurus* or *Taurica Chersonesus*, who possessed themselves of some parts of it in the declining times of the Greek empire, and being the prevailing people imposed their name upon all the rest.

GREECE

Is a name given from *Græcus*, son of *Cecrops*, first king of Athens.

W. C—B—NE.

Retrospective Gleanings.

CROMWELL'S COMPACT WITH THE DEVIL!

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—The following "True and faithful narrative of Oliver Cromwell's com-

* A Tract printed and sold by W. Boreham, at the Angel, in Paternoster-row.—6d.

pact with the devil for seven years, on the day on which he gained the battle of Worcester," may not prove uninteresting to many of your readers.

But before we enter into the work itself, a word or two on compacts with the devil. I know there are people who profess to disbelieve the power of the devil to make contracts with man at all; such persons will, doubtless, discredit the following, and yet it is the best proof, I could use to combat their scepticism. I remember the time, when every old dame I knew, could tell and make the listener's hair bristle at the relation of an example of this kind; but then, "the schoolmaster" was not "abroad;" and he it is, we suppose, who hath driven the devil and ghosts, and everything wild and wonderful, save the romance of real life, from our isle.

The tract opens with the following extract from Mr. Archdeacon Eachard's *History of the Kings of England*, which he quotes from the *History of Independency*, part iv. p. 13.

"It was believed, and not without some good cause, that Cromwell, the same morn'g he had defeated the king's army at Worcester fight, had conference personally with the devil, with whom he made a contract, that to have his will then, and in all things else after, for seven years from that time, (being the 3rd of September, 1651,) he should at the expiration of the said years have him at his command, both his soul and his body. Now, if any one will please to reckon from the 3rd of September, 1651, till the 3rd of September, 1658, he shall find it to a day, just seven years, and no more, at the end of which he died, but with extremity of tempestuous weather, that was by all men judged to be prodigious; neither indeed was his end more miserable (for he died mad and despairing) than he had left his name infamous."

Archdeacon Eachard then gives "a relation or narrative of a valiant officer called *Lindsey*, an intimate friend of Cromwell's, the first captain of his regiment, and therefore commonly called Colonel *Lindsey*," which is to this effect.

"On the 3rd of September, in the morning, Cromwell took this officer to a wood side, not far from the army, and bid him *alight and follow him into that wood, and to take particular notice of what he saw and heard*. After they had both alighted and secured their horses, and walked some small way into the wood, *Lindsey* began to turn pale, and to be seized with horror from some unknown cause, upon which Cromwell asked

him how he did, or how he felt himself? He answered, that he was in such a trembling and consternation, that he never felt the like in all the conflicts and battles he had engaged in; but whether it proceeded from the gloominess of the place, or the temperament of his body he knew not. How now, said Cromwell, what, troubled with vapours? Come forward, man. They had not gone above twenty yards before Lindsey, on a sudden, stood still, and cried out, by all that's good, he was seized with such unaccountable terror and astonishment, that it was impossible for him to stir one step farther. Upon which Cromwell called him faint-hearted fool, and bid him stand there and observe, or be a witness, and then advancing to some distance from him, he met with a *grave elderly man*, with a roll of parchment in his hand, who delivered it to Cromwell, who eagerly perused it. Lindsey, a little recovered from his fear, heard several loud words between them; particularly, Cromwell said, this is but for seven years, I was to have had it for one-and-twenty, and it must and shall be so. The other told him positively, it could not be for above seven years. Upon which Cromwell cried with great fierceness, it should be for fourteen years. But the other peremptorily declared, it could not possibly be for any longer time, and if he would not take it so, there were others who would accept it. Upon which Cromwell, at last, took the parchment, and returned to Lindsey with great joy in his countenance, and *cried*, now Lindsey the battle is our own! I long to be engaged. Returning out of the wood, they rode to the army, Cromwell with a resolution to engage as soon as it was possible, and the other with the design of leaving the army as soon. After the first charge, Lindsey deserted his post, and rode away with all possible speed day and night, till he came into the county of Norfolk, to the house of an intimate friend, one Mr. Thorogood, minister of the parish.

Cromwell, as soon as he missed him, sent all ways after him, with a promise of a great reward to any who should bring him, alive or dead. Thus far the narrative of Lindsey himself, but something further is to be remembered to complete and confirm the story.

When Mr. Thorogood saw his friend Lindsey come into his yard, his horse and himself just tired, in a sort of amaze, said, "How now, colonel; we hear there is likely to be a battle shortly, what fled from your colours?" "A battle," said the other, "yes, there has been a battle, and I am sure the king is beaten; but if

ever I strike a stroke for Cromwell again, may I perish eternally, for I am sure he has made a league with the devil, and the devil will have him in due time." Then desiring protection from Cromwell's inquisitors, he went in and related to him the whole story, and all circumstances, concluding with these remarkable words: "that Cromwell would certainly die that day seven years the battle was fought!" The strangeness of the relation caused Mr. Thorogood to order his son, John, to write it at full length in his common-place book, which I am assured is still preserved in the family of the Thorogoods.

We have also "Minutes taken out of Mr. Secretary Thurloe's pocket-book, by the late *Mr. John Milton*, and given by him to his nephew, Mr. John Philips. The following is an extract:—August 17, 1658, my master, the Protector, caused me to take a bond out of a little ebony casket, and to burn it, saying, "the completion of it was well nigh come to pass!" He died the 3rd of September following! We have also a long letter from his daughter to her sister, the Lady Viscountess Falconbridge; this is part, "when he and I are only sitting in his bed-chamber together, he seems very often talking to a third person, and cries, you have cheated me, the purchase was intended by me for seven years longer, I will not be so served. And again, sometimes as the fit takes him, to divert the melancholy, he dines with the officers of the army at Hampton Court, and shews an hundred antic tricks, as throwing of cushions at them, and putting burning hot coals into their pockets and boots! At others, before he has half dined, he gives orders for a drum to beat, and call in his foot guards, like a kennel of hounds, to snatch off the meat from his table, and tear it in pieces, with many other unaccountable whimsies; immediately after this, fear and astonishment sit in his countenance, and not a nobleman approaches him, but he tells him! Now, he calls for his guards, with whom he rides out encompassed behind and before, for the preservation of his highness, and at his return at night, shifts from bed to bed for fear of surprise."

Is not this "confirmation strong? what will the sceptic say, to this?

Your constant reader, C. P.

AMONG the novelties of Paris are coaches at the rate of 4½d. per mile and a half for each passenger. They carry from 20 to 30, and have the comprehensive title of *Omnibus*.

The Sketch-Book.

THE LEADING PROFESSION.

[The *London Magazine* has, in the language of the publishers, "passed into new hands," and with this change commenced a Third Series. Some of the youngest of our readers must recollect the raciness and vigour of the early numbers of the First Series, and the following is a promising specimen of the revivification of this spirit; at least so we are disposed to think. Be this as it may, our extract is a portrait of humanity, unencumbered with caricature; although there are certain grades of sin which will not bear exhibition without the *lacquer* of the artist. Here, however, he has been sparing of this commodity. Even James Hardy Vaux, who has written one of the most interesting books ever published, could not have struck out *THE THIEF* a whit better than has the artist of the *London Magazine*.

The career of a thief is, indeed, one of the short cuts of *ambition*; although the false distinctions which men have drawn between the great and small rogues of society, do not admit him within so honourable a pale; for there is nothing like speaking of "sin as a fine gentleman."]

THE choice of a profession was in all times an affair of difficulty, and it has become peculiarly so at a period when the avenues to success, whether in the walks of theology, of law, or of medicine, are blocked up by a crowd of eager competitors. Nor is the path to wealth, by the more beaten track of commercial pursuits, less impeded by the struggles of rivalry, the intrigues of connexion, or the overwhelming preponderance of enormous capital. For adventurous young men, not cursed by nature with a modest or studious turn, and who are impatient to take the post of honour by a *coup-de-main*, a state of war offers the ample field of the profession of arms; but in a time of peace that field is narrowed to a very aristocratic circle, and the plebeian spirit learns to be tamed in the never-ending rebuffs of the Horse Guards and of the Admiralty. All things considered, and with a due regard to the necessary education, the certain rewards, and the few chances of failure, it appears to us that the profession which involves the least individual expense in its necessary studies, the aspirants being constantly trained at the public cost—which is supported by the greatest excitement of popular observation, so as to satisfy the most insatiate appetite for fame—which presents the most open

field for exertion, so as to leave the adventurer the largest choice of opportunities—and which is fenced round from the attacks of private envy or revenge, by the most powerful support of innumerable functionaries—that most cherished and honoured profession is that of a *THIEF*.

And first, of the education for this profession.—He commences, by dint of hard reasoning, a professional career of resolving to practice that philosophy which teaches him that the institutions of society are chains only for the weak. If he be a peasant he tries his hand at poaching; if a London blackguard, at picking pockets. In either case the law soon takes charge of his further education; and he is duly sent to that most instructive *Alma Mater*,—a prison.

The facility with which the profession of a thief is acquired is a wonderful recommendation of its excellent and manifold advantages. In this college, the honours are bestowed after an examination for which the previous study is very inconsiderable—the "wooden spoon" feels that his rank is by no means settled in the estimation of his examiners, but that a successful adventure may place him in the first degree of the beloved of Bow-street; and even he that is "plucked" for wanting the reckless qualities by which excellence is attained, may hope to prepare himself next session (the "term" of our houses of felonious maintenance) for the most distinguished companionship of that fraternity, which, above all others, generously delights in imparting its blessings to novices by the most unremitting system of proselytism.

Nor is it any degradation from the agreeable nature of this education (when compared to education in general) to say, that the student often receives bodily chastisement in the progress of his willing labours. The laws have no punishments which touch his mind. If he be remanded to his prison, he is only condemned to a further acquaintance with the agreeable society to which he was introduced when he first entered its walls. He has formed friendships which will last for life; he is secure of patronage when he comes out again upon the stirring world; he will, in future, have no lack of counsellors and abettors. Admit that he is sentenced to be privately whipped; in this he does not differ an ounce from the highest of the land. The boys of the middle classes have been gradually becoming more exempt from the terrors of indecent bodily chastisement; but inflictions upon the person are still the peculiar privileges of the noble students of Westminster and Eton, and the not less ambitious denizens

of Newgate and Brixton. Long may they each enjoy these ancient and politic rights, which have such a decided influence upon the destinies both of the statesman and of the felon!

From the moment that our aspirant leaves his first prison, he becomes a public man. His preparation for the duties of life is complete. He rushes at once into his stimulating career; and he reaps a full harvest of profit and of fame. Less fortunate candidates for distinction may waste an existence in obtaining a single puff of the newspapers. Thousands of authors die for lack of criticism; painters go off by scores, because no obscure scribbler ever echoes their names; the finest of women have been figurantes at the opera for twenty seasons, without having attained to the recorded dignity of a *passé* at the Surrey; and ostentatious citizens have given dozens of dinners, to which some gentlemen of the press were duly invited, and yet never once saw their magnificence, under the head of "Court and Fashion," in the *Morning Post*. But the very first adventure of a thief is fame. Is a watch snatched out of a window in the Strand? ten daily papers, and two hundred and fifty weekly, immediately describe the astonishing incident in the most glowing colours. Is a pocket picked in the pit-entrance of Drury-lane? the embryo hero of the evening sees his fame duly chronicled in the morning journals. And, lastly, if by some error in judgment he appear before Sir Richard Birnie, he excites the sympathy of all mankind, being "a remarkably good-looking and interesting young man, attired (yes, attired is the phrase) in the highest style of fashion, and his hair elegantly arranged." Who can resist such flatteries as these? After such encouragements, what candidate for the final honours of the New Drop would abandon his stimulating career, and retire (if he could) to the prose of common life,

Content to dwell in decencies for ever?

The legislative care which is bestowed upon the commonwealth of thieves must be abundantly gratifying to every member of the profession. Their calling never cankers by neglect; they must have a perpetual vigilance as to what laws are enacted and what are repealed; what is grand larceny to-day, and petty larceny to-morrow. The statistics of their realm, too, are known and registered with the greatest accuracy. The condition of their palaces forms the constant object of magisterial and parliamentary solicitude; and societies are specially constituted in aid of all this official vigilance, to see

that their apartments are airy, and their provisions wholesome. The most affectionate care of their health is duly taken; and if, at any period of their lives, foreign travel is recommended, a country, which is admitted on all hands to be the finest in the world, is specially appropriated for their enjoyment. All this is highly stimulating.

But the great encouragement to the adoption of this branch of the profession of the bar consists in the rich endowments which society has provided for its cultivation. All the property, and with it all the gratifications, of this earth, are the patrimony of the judicious thief. For him the covetous man gathers his pelf, and the ostentatious man his plate and jewels. In his case there is no tedious waiting for employment—no sighing for years for a "maiden brief," as in the law—no starving for life upon a Welsh curacy, as in the church—no wearing away the best years of life in the sickness of "hope deferred," as with a subaltern or a midshipman—no walking the world for a day's work, as with the starving Irish labourer. In this privileged profession, the supply always keeps pace with the demand. The active world is a community of bees, but the thief gets the honey. His business is "to rove abroad, *centum puer artium*, to taste of every dish, and sip of every cup." He has no care for the morrow, because he knows that for him the heads and hands of innumerable servants are doing his bidding. He has only to walk forth and choose. He lives in a perpetual belief that the world was made for him,—and he is as right as Alexander was.

The times are past when thieves were persecuted. This may appear a paradox to those who look only upon the surface—who hear of a score of unfortunates perishing annually at the Old Bailey, or behold the recorder of London pouring into the ear of sovereignty the tale of their sorrows and their crimes. To believe that the administrators of the laws are in earnest in their endeavour to repress the honest labours of the commonwealth of plunderers is a mere delusion—a mental hallucination—a prejudice which is cultivated with infinite care, for the sole object of rendering the legal possessors of property easy in their minds. It is a pleasing and satisfying belief—"amabilis insaniam, et mentis gratissimus error." The thieves and the police magistrates know better. The profession is most diligently patronized by the administrators of the laws; not to speak it profanely, there are regular articles of co-parceny* between the

* *Quere, Co-Larceny.*—PRINTER & DEVIL.

thief and those who are falsely imagined to be his pursuers. "*Latro* is arraigned and *fur* sits on the bench." Those who affect to be hunting out the criminal are the dignitaries of the commonwealth of crime.

The mistaken people who, in general, are hanged, or transported, or immured in solitary cells, or whipped, are not registered in the University of Larceny. They are fools who attempt to do business in a small way, without regard to the corporate rights of Bow-street and Union Hall. They have not graduated, and they must pay the penalty. But a prudent adventurer never enters the higher walks of the profession without protection. He incurs no risks; he surrenders a handsome portion of his profits to enjoy the remainder in peace "under his own fig-tree." To such the police is not an affair of discovery or of prevention, but of regulation. There is no affectation of a want of union in the several callings of the thief and the officer. They have grown together in happy relationship since the days of Jonathan Wild. A poet of the last century says,

My evenings all I would with *sharpers* spend,
And make the *thief-catcher* my bosom friend.

And indeed they are very pretty companions together over their claret. The dignitary sits with his feet under the same mahogany with the returned convict; or he is *Vice* to the Rothschild of the flash-house, who at that moment is negotiating with the partners of the Bristol bank, touching the return of twenty thousand abstracted bills, for the honourable consideration of fifty per cent. and no prosecution.

It occasionally happens that the most brilliant example of professional success is apprehended, convicted, and hanged. This is a part of the contract by which the commonwealth of thieves has purchased its charter. The compact is—for the police, a share of profits, and no trouble; for the sons of Mercury, protection in general, and a very sparing selection of needful victims. When the time arrives that the career of individual happiness and friendship is to close, there is no shrinking. The ripened felon is a soldier, under the orders of a commander whom he honours; and it is to him a gratification to look back upon the years of comfort he has secured by this compromise with power, instead of being perpetually hunted into some pitiful occupation, which the world calls honest, by a vigilance which should never sleep. At last he dies. Well! in the latest moment he is a privileged being. Fame hovers around him, from the bar to the

gallows. He exhibits great composure on his trial; leaves his defence, with a dignified satisfaction, to his counsel; bows to the judge when he pronounces sentence; and "is fashionably dressed in a complete suit of black." Then come the consolations of spiritual friends. In the interval between the condemnation and the recorder's report, he becomes perfectly satisfied that he is purified from every stain; after the fatal mandate arrives, he declares that his only anxiety is to die, lest he should fall into his former errors, and be deprived of that everlasting happiness which he now feels will be his portion; and he leaves the world with such exultations of pious people attending him, as martyrs were wont to monopolize,—bowing to the admiring crowd, and "sucking an orange till the drop falls."

We apprehend that in this rapid sketch we have said enough to prove that *one* calling is still opened to the talented and the ambitious, and receives adequate encouragement from the highest authorities. That such a profession, indeed, should have attractions, in comparison of which all others fade into nothingness, is perfectly natural; for the thief feeds upon the fat of the land, in his pilgrimage through this life, and passes from it with the most assured prospects of the highest rewards in the next.

The Anecdote Gallery.

"I dreamt that I was admitted into a long, spacious gallery, which had one side covered with pieces of all the famous painters who are now living, and the other with the works of the greatest masters that are dead.—*Spectator*."

ROBERT BURNS.

(From *Lockhart's Life of Burns*.)

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S RECOLLECTIONS.

As for Burns, I may truly say, *Virgilium vidi tantum*. I was a lad of fifteen in 1786-7, when he came first to Edinburgh, but had sense and feeling enough to be much interested in his poetry, and would have given the world to know him; but I had very little acquaintance with any literary people, and still less with the gentry of the west country, the two sets that he most frequented. Mr. Thomas Grierson was at that time a clerk of my father's. He knew Burns, and promised to ask him to his lodgings to dinner, but had no opportunity to keep his word; otherwise I might have seen more of this distinguished man. As it was, I saw him one day at the late venerable Professor Fergusson's, where there were several gentlemen of literary reputation, among whom I remember the celebrated Mr.

Dugald Stewart. Of course we youngsters sat silent, looked, and listened. The only thing I remember which was remarkable in Burns's manner, was the effect produced upon him by a print of Bunbury's, representing a soldier lying dead on the snow, his dog sitting in misery on one side; on the other, his widow, with a child in her arms. These lines were written beneath:—

"Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that parent wept her soldier slain—
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolv'd in dew,
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the sad presage of his future years,
The child of misery baptized in tears."

Burns seemed much affected by the print, or rather the ideas which it suggested to his mind. He actually shed tears. He asked whose the lines were, and it chanced that nobody but myself remembered that they occur in a half-forgotten poem of Langhorne's, called by the unpromising title of *The Justice of Peace*. I whispered my information to a friend present, who mentioned it to Burns, who rewarded me with a look and a word which, though of mere civility, I then received, and still recollect, with very great pleasure.

His person was strong and robust; his manners rustic, not clownish; a sort of dignified plainness and simplicity, which received part of its effect, perhaps, from one's knowledge of his extraordinary talents. His features are represented in Mr. Nasmyth's picture;* but to me it conveys the idea that they are diminished as if seen in perspective. I think his countenance was more massive than it looks in any of the portraits. I would have taken the poet, had I not known what he was, for a very sagacious country farmer of the old Scotch school, i.e. none of your modern agriculturists, who keep labourers for their drudgery, but the *douce gude-man* who held his own plough. There was a strong expression of sense and shrewdness in all his lineaments; the eye alone, I think, indicated the poetical

character and temperament. It was large, and of a dark cast, which glowed (I say literally *glowed*) when he spoke with feeling or interest. I never saw such another eye in a human head, though I have seen the most distinguished men of my time. His conversation expressed perfect self-confidence, without the slightest presumption. Among the men who were the most learned of their time and country, he expressed himself with perfect firmness, but without the least intrusive forwardness; and when he differed in opinion, he did not hesitate to express it firmly, yet at the same time with modesty. I do not remember any part of his conversation distinctly enough to be quoted, nor did I ever see him again, except in the street, where he did not recognise me, as I could not expect he should. He was much caressed in Edinburgh, but (considering what literary emoluments have been since his day) the efforts made for his relief were extremely trifling.

I remember on this occasion I mention, I thought Burns's acquaintance with English poetry was rather limited; and also, that having twenty times the abilities of Allan Ramsay and of Ferguson, he talked of them with too much humility as his models; there was, doubtless, national predilection in his estimate.

This is all I can tell you about Burns. I have only to add, that his dress corresponded with his manner. He was like a farmer dressed in his best to dine with the laird. I do not speak in *malam partem*, when I say, I never saw a man in company with his superiors in station and information more perfectly free from either the reality or the affectation of embarrassment. I was told, but did not observe it, that his address to females was extremely deferential, and always with a turn either to the pathetic or humorous, which engaged their attention particularly. I have heard the late Duchess of Gordon remark this. I do not know any thing I can add to these recollections of forty years since.

* It was to this venerable artist that Burns sat for the portrait engraved in Creech's edition of his Poems, and since repeated so often, that it must be familiar to all readers. Mr. Nasmyth has kindly prepared for Lockhart's *Life of Burns* (just published) a sketch of the Poet at full-length, as he appeared in Edinburgh in the first hey-day of his reputation: dressed in tight jockey boots, and very tight buckskin breeches, according to the fashion of the day, and (Jacobite as he was) in what was considered as the Fox-livery, viz. a blue coat and buff waistcoat, with broad blue stripes. The surviving friends of Burns who have seen this vignette, are unanimous in pronouncing it to furnish a very lively representation of the bard as he first attracted public notice on the streets of Edinburgh. The scenery of the back-ground is very nearly that of Burns's native spot—the kirk of Alloway and the bridge of Doon.

WE have on record, says Mr. Lockhart, various glimpses of Burns as he appeared while he was half-farmer, half-excise-man; and some of these present him in attitudes and aspects on which it would be pleasing to dwell. For example, the circumstances under which the verses on *The Wounded Hare* were written are mentioned generally by the poet himself. James Thomson, son of the occupier of a farm adjoining Elliesland, told Allan Cunningham, that it was he who wounded the animal. "Burns," said this person, "was in the custom, when at home, of strolling by

himself in the twilight every evening along the Nith, and by the *march* between his land and ours. The hares often came and nibbled our wheat-*braird*; and once, in the gloaming,—it was in April,—I got a shot at one, and wounded her; she ran bleeding by Burns, who was pacing up and down by himself, not far from me. He started, and with a bitter curse, ordered me out of his sight, or he would throw me instantly into the Nith. And, had I staid, I'll warrant he would have been as good as his word—though I was both young and strong.”

“THERE is hardly,” says Burns in one of his letters, “there is scarcely any earthly object gives me more—I do not know if I should call it pleasure—but something which exalts me, something which enraptures me—than to walk in the sheltered side of a wood in a cloudy winter day, and hear the stormy wind howling among the trees, and raving over the plain. It is my best season for devotion: my mind is wrapt up in a kind of enthusiasm to *Him*, who, in the pompous language of the Hebrew bard, ‘walks on the wings of the wind.’” When Burns entered a druidical circle of stones on a dreary moor, he has told us that his first movement was “to say his prayers.” His best poetry was to the last produced amidst scenes of solemn desolation.

I GIVE the following anecdote in the words of Mr. M'Diarmid:—Rousseau, we all know, when dying, wished to be carried into the open air, that he might obtain a parting look of the glorious orb of day. A night or two before Burns left Brow he drank tea with Mrs. Craig, widow of the minister of Ruthwell. His altered appearance excited much silent sympathy; and the evening being beautiful, and the sun shining brightly through the casement, Miss Craig (now Mrs. Henry Duncan) was afraid the light might be too much for him, and rose with the view of letting down the window-blinds. Burns immediately guessed what she meant, and, regarding the young lady with a look of great benignity, said, “Thank you, my dear, for your kind attention; but, oh, let him shine; he will not shine long for me.”

Arcana of Science.

Effects of Lightning on a Ship at Sea.

During the passage of the ship called the New York, from London to New York, a voyage which she generally performed in twenty-five days, a stroke of

lightning overturned all the partitions without exception, but no person was hurt. The vessel was deprived of its conductor.

The next day the captain, dreading another storm, had placed a conductor upon the main-mast. The lightning struck the rod of the conductor, and melted it entirely; it also melted the iron conductor, which fell in drops into the sea. Almost all the passengers had observed the water of the sea sink down in a distinct manner, in a certain space round the point where the electrical current had entered the ocean. The rod of the conductor which was melted was four feet long by five inches and a half in diameter, and the iron conductor was three-tenths of an inch in diameter. It was evidently too small, (in France they always make their conductors thicker.) An excellent chronometer, whose error never exceeded the tenth of a second in twenty-four hours, was so much deranged by the stroke of lightning, that it was accelerated thirty-four minutes.

The cause of this error was perceived in London, where it was ascertained that all the parts of the instrument had acquired a great degree of magnetism, in such a manner that its general motion depended very sensibly upon the position which was given it.

The second stroke of lightning, like the first, killed nobody; and it is a singular fact, that it even performed a very remarkable cure. A passenger, very old and overgrown with fat, was so much palsied in his limbs, that for three years he had never been able to walk altogether above half a mile; since he embarked, he had never been seen to stand up for a single instant.

After the discharge, which took place near the bed where the poor cripple was sleeping, they observed him with astonishment rise and walk to the deck, where he continued to parade for a long time, as if he had never been ill. At first he lost his senses, but this mental affection did not last long, and the cure is complete. This person, who was formerly paralytic, having continued to walk with ease all the rest of the voyage, had the entire use of his limbs when he arrived, and he travelled on foot from the place where he disembarked to his own residence.

All the knives and forks of iron which were found melted in the ship had acquired magnetic power.

The effects produced upon the magnetic needles were very remarkable. Although they were all in the same room, the lightning produced upon them very different effects. In some the magnetic action was

augmented, in others it was diminished ; in some it was destroyed, and in others the poles were reversed. — *Brewster's Journal.*

Cloth fabricated by Insects.

M. Habenstreet, of Munich, has obtained this curious fabric by directing the efforts of the larvæ of a butterfly called *Finea punctata*, or *Finea padilla*. As these caterpillars construct over themselves a tent of extreme fineness, and impervious to air, M. H. contrived to make the insects work on a paper model suspended from the ceiling, to which he gave any form and dimensions he pleased. He thus obtained square shawls an ell wide, and some two ells long by one broad, an air balloon four feet high, and a woman's complete robe with the sleeves, but without seams. In order to give the tissue a regular form, the caterpillars are limited in their motions, and interdicted from particular parts by oil, which they dislike, and upon which they will never work. Hence he made them fabricate a stuff which appeared as if regularly stitched. One or two insects can weave a square inch of cloth.

This cloth exceeds in fineness the lightest gauze, and a specimen of it sent by M. Paret, of Stockholm, has been exhibited by M. Lenormand to the Academy of Sciences of Paris. — *Ibid.*

The Fisheries

Of this kingdom are objects of vast importance, yet though they have frequently occupied the attention of Parliament, a great deal remains to be done before they be placed in that state of improvement of which they are susceptible. In point of importance, our fisheries probably rank in the following order :—1. *Gadusidæ*, or fisheries having for their object the capture of cod, coal-fish, haddock, ling, hake, tusk. 2. *Salmonidæ*, including salmon, trout, char, and smelts. 3. *Clupeadæ*, including herring, pilchard, shad. 4. *Pleuronectidæ*, including turbot, halibut, flounder, and sole. 5. *Scomberoidæ*, or mackerel. 6. *Raiadæ*, including rays and skates. 7. *Cyprinidæ*, including carp, bream, tench, &c. 8. *Anguillidæ*, including the eel and conger. — *Fleming's History of British Animals.*

SPIRIT OF THE
Public Journals.

A CHAPTER OF IFS.

"And do you reply to me," exclaimed the Protector, "with your 'ifs and your 'ands?'"

If ifs and Ands were pots and pans,
I would cure the tinker's cares :

If ladies did not carry fans,
They'd give themselves no airs :
If down the starry skies should fall,
The starlings would be cheap :
If Belles talk'd reason at a ball,
The band might go to sleep.

If Harvest home were sung in May,
We might be with you youth ;
If English beef were French soufflé,
Soft speeches might be truth :
If frost were good for summer fruit,
Plain sense might thrive in courts :
If pigs could play the German-flute,
Sir Toby might play shorts.

If ruin'd men were fond of Quod,
Mechanics of the loom,
A schoolboy might admire the rod,
And North might flatter Brougham :
If shaven priests grew corpulent
By fasting in a cell,
A peer might make a large per cent
On ventures at a hell.

If praises were a wholesome meal,
How fat the Duke would grow !
If every wish could turn a wheel,
How fast the mail would go !
If Wren could visit Mr. Nash,
How much he'd have to see !
If ready wit were ready cash,
How rich James Smith would be !

If laudanum were a lively thing,
A sermon might amuse :
If stinging-nettles did not sting,
A wit might like reviews ;
If Moulsey-Hurst were Helicon,
Tom Spryng might learn to parse :
If bears could dance a cotillon,
James Mill might wright a farce.

If cuckoos were as grave as owls,
Justine might cease to flirt :
If kangaroos were feather'd fowls,
O'Toole might wear a shirt :
If sprats could burst her chains,
Castile might rend her shains :
If Ponto knew his alphabet,
Don Miguel might have brains.

If men could mount the air like birds,
The vans would be undone :
If gas contractors kept their words,
We'd pension off the sun :
If butter'd muffins grew on trees,
We would not plough for crops :
If vin de Bordeaux flow'd in seas,
Good-night to malt and hops !

If Moors were made, by washing, white,
Could Wilks be whitewash'd too ?
If fms were voted not quite right,
Would Hushisson look blue ?
If Leithbridge ply'd at Drury-lane,
Would not the galleries roar ?
If water guel were champagne,
Would Gough be not a bore ?

If Alps were easy things to climb,
I'd call my Blackstone gay :
If wreathing roses were a crime
I'd break my lute to-day :
If nobody had brilliant eyes,
I ne'er had sung a song :
If all the world were very wise,
I'd not be in it long.

If Vestris preach'd like Mrs. Fry,
If Braham sang like Wynne,
If beauty were deformity,
If purity were sin,
If day were night, if six were seven,
Pain pleasure, monkeys men,
If thou wert worthy aught but Heaven,
I might forget thee then !

If I were thine, I would not call
 The Gods more blest than me;
 If I were dead, one tear were all
 My shade would ask from thee;
 If thou shouldst meet my foolish Muse,
 Roaming in some far clime,
 Thou wouldst atrociously abuse
 The rhymers and the rhyme!
New Monthly Magazine.

PLEASURES OF DISPUTATION.

WHO is there that has not once or twice at least in his life belonged to a Club, at which a good, wholesome evening has been frittered away by the secretary's having to read a long list of regulations, and to take the sense, or nonsense, of the members upon each?—regulations, the genuine offspring of that legislative mania which infects the country from high to low, from parliament to the vestry, from the vestry to the benefit-club of the parish. Nothing unsettles more than the attempt to leave nothing unsettled. Nothing produces more disorganization than perpetual organizing. To social ease it is a straight-waistcoat, to social harmony absolute extinction. Besides, everything now a-days must be debated. It is the disease of modern times, this love of debate. We have caught it, in the puerile spirit of mockery, from our houses of parliament, and it has descended to every little meeting, at which two or three are gathered together, ostensibly and nominally for mutual recreation and enjoyment, but, as it turns out, to be plagued and bored without mercy by each other.

Then do, my good sir, recollect what time is lost in debating, and how little of it remains for the genuine social purpose that called you together. So much speechifying has left you hardly an hour of club-enjoyment; it is like the inch of meat to the foot of fat in prize-fed beef—the rivulet of text to the meadow of margin in a modern book. I have known a philosophical club to be dispersed the first night of meeting by an intemperate debate, whether coffee- or negus were to be handed about for refreshment? I was actually present one evening at a whist-club, where laws upon laws were so long and so obstinately debated, that the whole party separated without so much as cutting for partners. Some few years ago I belonged to a debating club, which was held in the vicinity of the inns of court, and frequented chiefly by young barristers and law students. It was an interesting and instructive society. But the demon of legislation had got amongst us; and when at last the subject of the evening's debate was called on, it found us all so fatigued by previously debating a new regulation, that no person could open his

lips upon the question, though it was one of the highest political interest.

Debating clubs were once more numerous than they are at present. A word or two concerning them; for they will contribute something to the elucidation of club-philosophy, inasmuch as they exhibit as genuine specimens of the comic and ridiculous, and mock-heroic attitudes of the mind of man, as are to be found in its history. I am old enough to remember many of these little senates, each teeming with as much importance and dignity as if they were national councils comprising all the wisdom of the country. They were distinguished by various, but all high sounding designations:—The House of Lords—The House of Commons—The Athenian—The Academics—The Tusculan. They held their meetings for the most part at the Crown and Rolls Rooms in Chancery-lane, which was a series of apartments or cells, resounding once or twice a week with the oratory of different clubs, three or four of which were going on at the same time, and sometimes loud enough to disturb and interrupt each other. It was even found necessary to send a message from the House of Lords to the House of Commons, requesting that the gentleman who was so much above concert-pitch, in describing the horrors of the slave-trade, would lower his voice. The Commons sent word back by messengers of their own, that the interference was a breach of their privileges, but that they desired a conference. Some of these societies were admirable schools for Westminster Hall, being confined to the discussion of law-questions only. Others were forums for the great and comprehensive subjects of civil policy, which at that time agitated and divided the empire.—*Ibid.*

SONGS

From the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," of Blackwood's Magazine.

QUALITY NOVELS.

RUN, ladies, run—there's nothing like beginning it—

Reading of Crim. Con. is better far than sinning it;

Buy, mothers, buy, the Miss will be a sober 'un,
 That meditates nightly the novelists of Colburn.

Run, ladies, run—'tis written by no Garreter—
 We encourage only aristocratic merit here;
 No Wapping merriment, nor Strand sentimentality.

Glit-edged paper, dears, and real ink of quality.

AIR.

("Di piacer me balza il cuor."—The trambova—
 —poker and tongs.)

DEL cinkar confounds to corps;
 E perche? Per Gingham is so;

I puffanti del orribil bore
 Perche non pillorono nel row?
 Scampo mi disgustera?
 Boro sempre bothera?
 Gran Editor confido in te!
 Deh! tu lascia Colbron e Leigh!
 Cento ragamuffi cinkrons intorno?
 Piu foulh scorno
 Scoraar non pue;
 No—no—no—

GOOD NIGHT AND JOY BE WI' YOU A'.

THE night is wearing to the wane,
 And daylight glimmering east awa';
 The little sternies dance amain,
 And the moon bobs aboon the shaw.
 But though the tempest tout an' blaw
 Upon his loudest midnight horn,
 Good night an' joy be wi' you a',
 We'll may be meet again the morn.

O we hae wander'd far and wide,
 O'er Scotia's land of firth and fell;
 And mony a bonny flower we've pu'd,
 And twined them wi' the heather bell
 We've ranged the dingle and the dell,
 The hamlet and the Baron's ha',
 Now let us take a kind farewell.—
 Good night and joy be wi' you a'.

Ye hae been kind as I was keen,
 And followed where I led the way,
 Till ilka poet's love we've seen
 Of this and mony a former day.
 If e'er I led your steps astray,
 Forgive your Minstrel aince for a';
 A tear fa's wi' his parting lay.—
 Good night an' joy be wi' you a'.

Omnes—Gude night an' joy be wi' us a'. (*Exeunt.*)

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

HAJJI BABA IN ENGLAND.

OUR readers have not forgotten Mr. Morier's three piquant volumes of the *Adventures of Hajji Baba*, which this talented author has followed up with two volumes of *Adventures in England*. These are full of sketchy humour, and not only exhibit faithful pictures of English manners, but equally interesting delineations of Persian prejudices; and the "whim and oddity" of our Persian travellers will, doubtless, afford many hours of entertainment to hosts of readers. We have only room for a few flying extracts; as the first night of the *Orientalists* in London.—

We passed, says the author, the first night very ill. Each of us had a bed, the curtains of which were so pretty, that we longed to cut them up for *alcoloks*,* or to bind them round our waist; but we were unaccustomed to their heavy coverings, and found, after we had been a short time under them, that our coat and trousers became disagreeably oppressive. We all agreed, that certain white pieces

* The under vest, usually made of flowered chintz.

of loose linen, which accompanied each bed, would make excellent shirts; and Taki, the *ferash*, who had only one, determined immediately to improve his stock. The whole household was on the stir long before the Franks thought of moving; but Mohamed Beg was much puzzled about the true hour for saying his morning prayer, for we heard no *muezzins* to announce it from the mosques; and, besides, the nights were so much longer than any we had been accustomed to, that we had almost settled amongst ourselves that the sun never rose in this ill-conditioned city. We had walked about the house for several hours almost in total darkness, and were, in despair, waiting for the dawn, when, at length, we heard noises in the street, indicating that the inhabitants were awake. During the whole night, at intervals, we had watched the cries of what were evidently guards of the night, who, like the *keshek-chis* on the walls of the *Ark*,* announce that all is right; but those we now heard were quite different. At first, we thought they might be *muezzins* appointed to cry out the Frangi *axan*, the invitation to the inhabitants to arise and pray; and, indeed, looking at them through the twilight, we were confirmed in our idea, for they were dressed in black, as all the English men of God are; but we were evidently mistaken, because, although they uttered their cry in a variety of loud shrill tones, yet still no one seemed to rise a moment the sooner, or to have the least idea of praying on their account. And still we were uncertain; for when the day had completely broken, Mohamed Beg came running in, in great joy, exclaiming, "*Muezzin! muezzin!*" and pointing to the top of one of the minars, which are seen on all the houses, we there saw one of these street clergymen, crying out his profession of faith with all his might.

As the day advanced, strange noises, such as we never hear in our cities, became audible. Among others, we distinguished a bell, whose sound, similar to that sometimes heard from the churches of the Armenians, at Julfa and Etchmiazin, made us again suppose that this might be the true mode of calling the Franks to their devotions; but it appeared to be the signal for a general cleaning of houses and house-doors. This operation was the business of women; and we imagined that it must have something to do with their religion, for they performed it as an act of penance, on their knees. And we found too, that our own house was undergoing the same cere-

* The king of Persia's palace is so called.

mony; for, to our astonishment, we discovered that women, provided no doubt by the government for our use, had slept under the same roof with us, and were doing that which is the business of our *ferashes*, or carpet spreaders.

BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

DAYLIGHT of the 21st of October, 1805, displayed the signal for the enemy's fleet. Let that day never be forgotten! The almost calmness that prevailed in the morning and harbingered the battle, seemed but to render the deadly strife more conspicuous. As the British fleet was wafted by gentle winds towards their powerful enemy, the preparations for battle evinced every man to be in earnest. The cabin bulkheads on each deck were cleared away, and displayed long, level, unbroken batteries, tended by their gallant and rejoicing crews. Fire-buckets, match-tubs, shot-racks, powder-boxes, and wads, were arranged in their proper places; arm-chests lay open, and pikes, pistols, and cutlasses, gleamed in every direction. The tompions were taken out of the muzzles, and there was a loud creaking of the gun-carriages, as the officers examined that every thing was in fighting order. All was now ready; the fleets were closing. There was a dead silence till the signal of the great patriot—"England expects every man to do his duty!"—flew at the Victory's mast-head. Instantly an enthusiastic murmur of approbation spread from ship to ship, from deck to deck, from gun to gun, from man to man. A few straggling shot hissing through the air indicated the near approach of the fleets, and a loud, long-drawn fire of heavy cannon soon showed the lee division breaking the dark concave line of the enemy. "Bravo, Collingwood!" was in every heart, and there was but one common soul in the fleet. Many a valiant heart beat high with expectation, which was doomed never to survive another day. Many an eye gazed that moment on the instruments of death, which in a few short hours were to close it for ever. The ships passed on to their stations, the battle became general, loud peals of cannon roared throughout the line, fire gleamed on the ocean, and the air was filled with the thick fumes of sulphur. The very masts shook in their sockets, the sails trembled, and the afrighted wind breathed low. The stately ships which so lately sailed gaily forth, now presented the mangled appearance of wrecks, giving evidence of the deadly strife that was at work, till ship grappled with ship, and man with man. The day

advanced, crash succeeding crash of the falling masts, till amidst the groans of the dying, and the loud huzzas, of the victors, the great struggle was decided in favour of England, and her flag waved triumphant over the deep:—but her hero had fallen. Nelson, the father of his men, the patriot of his country, was no more. Peace be to his ashes, and honour to his name! The dark clouds which had been gathering over the devoted spot during the bloody contention, now began to roll wild and portentously. The storm arose, and many a shattered and unmanageable hulk became the coffin alike of the living and the dead, and numbers of the conquerors and conquered were immersed in the same watery grave. "That joy of battle in the field of death," produced by the loud shouts of victory, still thrilled in the heart of Morland, when he was called upon to endure more mournful scenes among the mangled forms which met his view, as he descended from the blood-stained decks to the cock-pit, where amputations were still performing. The hearty greetings of messmates was followed by most painful feelings, at their first meal after the battle. In the mess to which Morland belonged, there were three vacant places: where was poor Harry? whose cheerful mirth had been "wont to set the table in a roar." Where was Frank? and —, but the inquiring tongue was stopped by that solemn and heart-appealing silence, which but too well told the mournful tale. The young heroes were shrouded in the flag of their country; and when, with the rest of the fallen brave, their bodies were committed to the deep, many a tear was observed to trickle down the sun-burnt furrows of the sailors' cheeks, as the blue waves broke over the remains of their departed shipmates.—*Night Watch.*

The Gatherer.

"A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."
SHAKESPEARE.

CATS.

IN Loudon's *Magazine of Natural History*, a correspondent states that *white cats with blue eyes are always deaf*. "This," says he, "is a very remarkable fact, and I believe not generally known." Let the tabbies look to it.

SINGING.

A MAN said he sung as well as most men in Europe, and thus proved it: *most men in Europe do not sing well, therefore I sing as well as most men in Europe.*

M—, who can expound most things to his own satisfaction, could never succeed in explaining it to others. Failing once in giving the correct meaning of it to a stranger who sat near him, he broke out into the candid ejaculation of "I have almost forgot my Latin!" "Why don't you forget it quite," exclaimed Arnold, "for your Latin is better forgot than remembered!"

NAPOLEON.

THE following article is curious, though not in every respect *literally* correct:—Together with the original derivation of the name, which is compounded of two Greek words signifying the "Lion of the Desert," it forms a most striking coincidence with the character of Napoleon, who has rendered it so conspicuous in history.

1	Napoleon
6	apoleon
7	poleon
3	oleon
4	leon
5	eon
2	on

By dropping the first letter from the first syllable of the name in full, and from each part of it in succession, six Greek words are formed, which, translated in the order of the numerals, signify, *Napoleon being a raying Lion, going about destroying cities.*

REASONS FOR SYMPATHY.

WHY do men sooner give to poor people that beg, than to scholars? The reason is, *because they think they may sooner come to be poor, than to be scholars.*

CERTAIN BENEFIT.

THE Duchess of Marlborough once pressing the duke to take medicine, with her usual warmth, said, "I'll be hanged if it does not prove serviceable." Dr. Garth, who was present, exclaimed, "Do take it then, my lord duke, for it must be of use one way or the other."

PERSONAL VANITY.

SIR ASTLEY COOPER relates in his lectures, that he was once called in a great hurry to attend one of the students of the Borough Hospitals, who had taken a large quantity of laudanum, with the intention of committing suicide. Sir Astley, after administering the usual antidotes, succeeded in restoring him to health. When, on being asked, what could possibly induce him to commit so rash an act, he replied, "that his teeth were not so white as they used to be, and he imagined that the ladies did not ad-

mire him so much on that account as they formerly had done. This made his life a burden to him, and caused him to do what he did." MEDICUS.

FAIR ROSAMOND'S TOMB.

ROSAMOND was buried at Godstow, a small island formed by the divided streams of the Isis, in the parish of Wolvercot, near Oxford. The following quaint epitaph was inscribed upon her tomb:—

"Hic jacet in Thumba Rosa Mundi,
non Rosamunda
Non redolet sed olet, quæ redolere
solet."

Imitated in English.

"Here lies not Rose the chaste, but
Rose the Fair,
Her scents no more perfume, but taint
the air." I. M. C.

IN THE CHURCH OF STONELEIGH, WARWICKSHIRE.

To the memory of Humphry How, porter to the Rt. Honble. Lord Leigh, ob. 6 Febr. An. D. 1688, Ætæ 63.

"Here lies a faithful Friend unto the
Poore,
Who dealt large Almes out of His
Lordship's Store,
Weepe not poor People tho' ye Servants
dead,
The Lord himselfe will Give you dayly
Breade.
If Markets rise Raile Not A Gainst
theire Rates,
The Price is still ye same at Stoneleigh
Gates.

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